

mother rushed to him, and, taking him tenderly in her arms, pressed him to her heart. But, O poor mother! the cry of the little one had been heard by the fiends lying in wait for him and for thee. A rustling of leaves is heard; a number of Apaches rush upon her like a pack of tigers. The warwhoop is sounded; Ta-wan-dah is dying with terror. They say to one another: "Here they are!" They keep coming—six, eight, ten! Their blankets are covered with blood, wolf tails drag at their heels, ferocity is depicted upon their savage faces. All frighten Ta-wan-dah—their costume, their language, their looks. They are the same Apaches who spilt the blood of her husband.

The brigands, persuaded that the woman was not alone, prepared the "post of the torture" to make her declare where her companions were hid. They lit a large fire of resinous branches, tied her hands behind her back, and, binding her to the torture-post, commenced their bloody work under the very tree which had protected her. Her boy was thrown violently to the ground, crying for his mother, who was helpless to save him.

One of the monsters, applying a coal of fire to her body, cried out in a ferocious tone of voice:

"Woman, where are thy companions?"

"I told you I have no companions; you have killed my husband, and I was flying away with my child when you found me."

Ribald pleasantries passed from mouth to mouth.

The one who seemed to be the leader of the infernal band called them in council and proposed not to put her to death, but to bring her captive into their Apache country. The advice seemed to please those demons; so the poor Indian woman was not put to death that night; and all, wrapping themselves in their blankets, composed themselves to

sleep, leaving her, however, tied to the post of torture, while her babe, after much crying, had gone to sleep.

About midnight the chief arose, and, cutting her bonds with his *navaja*, said to her in a whisper:

"Woman, courage! Take thy child; I will deliver thee. Silence! Follow me."

Filled with joy, she took her baby boy and followed the man. All was silence; even the beasts of the forest had retired to their dens. Silently they ascended the right bank of the Rio Pecos to the place where now stands the *plaza*, or village of Pecos, and, crossing the river by wading through, they followed up the left bank on the hillside to a place where the river makes a sharp elbow, running to the northwest instead of southeast, its general course. This strange freak of the Rio Pecos is caused by huge rocks of volcanic matter thrown in its way by the convulsions of primitive ages. At that place the brush along the river is not thick, a few trees standing here and there in the crags of the rocky bluff. There the Apache sat down, beckoning his prisoner to do the same.

I seated myself on the same rock during the summer of 1873 while a guest at the house of my friend, Padre Breen, then pastor of Pecos. It is an enchanting place. The *mesa* is arid, but the Pecos far below rushes with impetuosity; its waters are white with foam. Here and there you see clusters of adobe houses perched at the foot of the mountain, the river bathing their feet. There dwell a few Mexican families, cultivating diminutive fields around their dwellings. A distance up the mountain flocks of sheep and goats are feeding on the blades of *grama* grass growing in the crevices of the rocks, while the whole is crowned by the snowy summits of the Sierra Madre.

Ta-wan-dah, filled with apprehensions, having obeyed the order of the